

A Generous Millionaire

MISS GOULD'S BENEVOLENT WORK AT "WOODY CREST."

Richest Woman in America, She Is Conspicuous for the Plainness of Her Costumes.

Caring for young children is the especial charm in which Miss Helen Gould's character seems to shine.

Her method of doing good is an entirely personal one. She is not content merely to sign checks for a deserving person, but, not unlike the parish visiting system of great ladies in England, she personally visits the institutions which she peculiarly assists.

Several times during the winter, accom-



Miss Helen Gould.

panied by a friend, Miss Gould devotes a day to the creches or day nurseries; she visits each one in turn, has a little chat with the matron, inquires into the special needs of the institution, and then, in the afternoon, where the babies spend the day, looks in upon the older children who are having lessons in the schoolroom, and then takes her departure. Her manner is most charming and unaffected, her dress very quiet, and that she is one of the richest young women in America no one would ever suspect.

In a day or two, a check for good sums is more likely than a check for food items to come from Miss Gould's hand to the different creches she has visited, in addition to the amount she sends yearly for the support of a child or two. She pays for two beds at the Nurses' Shelter, with this proviso that the beds shall be at the service of two of the most interesting children. Her home for old women also appeals to Miss Gould's sympathies, and there is an asylum on Lexington avenue for bedridden old women, where she is a frequent visitor and much beloved.

"WOODY CREST."

After Miss Gould decided to live at her country place, Lynhurst, Irvington-on-Hudson, the year past, she established a home for orphaned children and called it "Woody Crest."

The place is about a mile from Lynhurst and nearly every day Miss Gould, or a member of her family, drives over to "Woody Crest" to inspect after the welfare of the young ladies, which usually numbers about a score of children, all under twelve years of age.

The old stone house stands far up in the hills, and is surrounded by trees. There is a great white gate at the entrance, leading in large, white letters the name "Woody Crest" in an arch over the top. Passing through this gate, the road goes straight up the hill, and the very top of a bluff, from the roadway, a flight of white steps leads to the wide veranda, that extends entirely across the front of the massive stone house.

The children, "Helen's Babies," as some one has not unjustly called them, are a happy lot. They have plenty of fun and frolic, a piano, a large room for their games, and the older ones of the girls learn to sew and do housework while the boys learn carpentry and various useful things.

The boys who work in the carpenter shop have turned out some really creditable pieces of work—a sofa and a bookcase among the number, to say nothing of the stools, stands and chairs. The boys fixed up what was once a woodshed for a shop, and a real carpenter was provided to instruct them.

THOUGHTFUL ATTENTIONS.

Every fine day a wagonette, drawn by big bay horses, drives up before the door and a levy of children are taken out for a long drive. They go in relays, and when snow comes they are promised sleigh rides and coasting.

During the Christmas holidays there were lively times at "Woody Crest," with stockings well filled with gifts, feasts of good things, games, and a general revel of hilarity. There were numbers of poor little ones invited to attend from New York. Miss Gould personally saw that the wants of all the children were supplied, and when they returned to their homes in the city, they carried Christmas gifts for their older brothers and sisters, and grateful memories, long as hope, of the fairy godmother, whose greatest happiness in life consists in ministering to others.

SOCIAL INQUIRERS.

Dorinda dropped in the other day, and, free and easy and altogether delightful, she gave her little daughter, whenever she feels inclined. I should not like this custom in every one, I admit, but I like it in Dorinda, and she knows it. She would also know it, the idea that she would order her ways accordingly. Dorinda is a person of excellent sense. I saw at once, on this peculiar occasion, that she was feeling much annoyed, but I did not make any inquiries, conjecturing that she would be unwell, and knowing that to be unnecessary. I am very well acquainted with Dorinda.

She pulled off her gloves with a nervous gesture and tossed them on the table; but she sat down in a comfortable chair, while I proceeded with my task of endeavoring to repair an inconspicuously as possible, a very conspicuous rent in a diminutive pair of trousers.

Dorinda watched me absently a few moments, then inquired: "How did he do it?" or did the poor child attempt to hang himself in a fit of desperation over the appalling amount of unpardonable rudeness in the world?

I lifted my brows with an "O, that's it, is it?" expression, and asked: "From what view of view has it presented itself this time?"

"The interrogation point," Dorinda replied, then taking off her wrap, announced that she would stay to tea.

"Very well," said I. "You see this basket, and Jane is away. However, if you are willing to ask it, I don't object in the least."

"I'll take the chance. I'm not very hungry," and picking up a pair of stockings, Dorinda began, daintily to feel the garter.

There was silence for a few moments; then she exclaimed impetuously: "Isn't it the strangest thing that people who consider themselves well-to-do should ask the questions that they do, and sometimes very evidently with the idea that they are being polite and agreeable?" and she darted away with an energy, which method of relieving her feelings was, I confess, quite satisfactory to me.

"Who is the offender this time?" I inquired, critically inspecting at arm's length the results of my labor on the trousers.

"There are several of her I've been

making calls all the afternoon and I feel ready to renounce the custom forever. Now you know it is not just way, to discuss in detail my own or my family affairs. Some people enjoy it, and I suppose the best intentioned of the questioners take it for granted that every one does, their bumps of discrimination being but slightly developed; other well-meaning persons are thoughtlessly curious, while as for those nominal members of polite society who catch the idea of pure civility, and, of course, cannot be expected to take into account the trivial question of acceptability. Inquisitive inquisition," she said thoughtfully.

After a short pause she continued (Dorinda is not given to unpleasant personalities, but she now and then unburies her mind, as on this occasion). "I always dread to go to Mrs. Bayle's; I never go, except when persuaded that she will seem decidedly rude to stay away any longer, she is so kind and friendly. Today she asked if I were going to the country, and when I replied that I did not expect to, she looked so surprised, and then inquired politely: 'Why not?'

"I was under an obligation to tell her, and I didn't want to tell her, but I couldn't evade an answer, and her countenance continued to express the most exasperating surprise and interrogation, and I left as soon as possible, fully determined never to go there again."

"O, of course, I shall," she added, in response to my look of disapproval. "Mrs. Bayle is a very pleasant woman, but she is not for the pleasure of going, certainly."

"Mrs. George Smith inquired what wages Tom is getting now, and I did not tell her. I laughed and said that he hadn't authorized me to inform people. I know she was offended, and, of course, she will conclude that his salary is less than it actually is."

"Anything more?" I queried as Dorinda paused and flushed somewhat savagely from the basket a fresh needle.

She gave a rueful laugh.

"O, yes, plenty. You think me a wretched grammarian, don't you, but I have been pretty unusually quiet this afternoon by these petty annoyances."

"Dora George inquired me about my hat, under pretense of admiring it, until I was obliged to tell her about it, or tell her that I made it myself. You know without being informed which horn of the dilemma I grasped, and numerous acquaintances will forthwith have the pleasure of passing judgment upon my taste and skill."

"Now, as I do not voluntarily proclaim myself my own milliner, what right, pray, has any one to compel me to do so? Dora is an old friend, and a nice girl, but I do not enjoy her society because she asks so many questions that are not warranted by our friendship."

"Who, O, why, people are inquisitive. Why can't they see that it must make others afraid of them?"

"There's one place where I love to go, and that is Mrs. Spalding's. She is a perfect lady. She never asks annoying questions, she makes one entirely at ease, and draws out the best that is in one also. You are comfortably conscious too, that she will not make disagreeable remarks about you after you have gone. Ah! think, when people like this world would be if it were made up of Mrs. Spaldings."

Dorinda rapturously concluded, then relapsed into mournful, meditative silence. As I prepared one of her favorite dishes for tea, hoping it might have a slightly soothing effect, I pondered over the class of offenses perpetrated by my young friend, and decided that if the attention of those who transgress these laws of politeness were called to this matter, some might thereby be led to take heed unto their ways, for it cannot be supposed that any well-bred person wishes to make her friends afraid of her, or desires to be numbered among them and hold a place upon their visiting lists simply through surfeit.

But do you not perceive, beloved questioner, that as regards certain of your acquaintances, presumably, too, those

whose friendship you most prize, these things will result from your thoughtless, possibly politely intended inquisitiveness, as surely as from the mischief-making of Mrs. B., whose failings you deplore and whose society you avoid?

Boundless to persons of a certain mental cast, your interrogations are agreeable, but Dorinda and many another are not of these, and if it be not clearly manifest to them, they will class an individual belonging to this class as a social intruder, and, in the long run, clear of all personal questions that are open to a doubt on the score of acceptability.

Let this, dear inquiring friend, lay from henceforth, its restraining hand upon your lips, and many a sensible soul shall bless instead of fear you.—C. A. FASTER, in Good Housekeeping.

It Puzzled Him.

A bright little Minneapolis boy of five years or thereabouts, has been very much interested in the talk about Yucca, but he has failed to grasp the situation in its entirety. After sitting over the subject for a long time the other day, he exclaimed:

"Papa, what is all this about Betsy Weeler and Doctor Monroe? I know that England wants to get Betsy Weeler's land, but what has Dr. Monroe got to do with it, anyhow?"

QUEER THINGS QUEERLY TOLD.

Mrs. Quibby, of Wichita, was "bitterly disappointed" because the world didn't come to an end Sunday night.—Chicago Dispatch.

The Saints of God, now in session at Grand Junction, Mich., have decided that the world is to "end up and bust up" in the year 1941.—Burlington Gazette.

A South Carolina man has been arrested for kissing a girl after courting her two years. The next time he will know better than to wait so long.—Chicago Dispatch.

Ignatius Donnelly suggests that the three parties fuse. On some other question Donnelly does not show signs of dissent. Cedar Rapids Gazette.

A dog named Bess was sold for \$2,350 at the Birmingham, England, dog show. This is said to be the highest price ever paid for a Saint Bernard at auction.

The young man in Crawfordsville, Ind., who robbed his best friend of his money, is doing him a favor by his confession of complicity in the mean-man championship question.

Treatment of Tender Trilbies

WHERE SHOPPERS MAY FIND RELIEF FROM CORNS.

Suggestions for the Home Treatment of Sensitive Members. Clever Chiropodist Best.

During the terrible tramp, tramp, and the endless standing about attendant upon the mania known as holiday shopping, there came moments to many a woman when every fact of the universe, every emotion of her tender soul were obliterated by the consideration that she had feet.

Oh the burning! The twinging! The torment! The shooting pains that seem to reach her very finger tips, until even the embroidered coat she is wearing for the day has been made her way to the chiropodist.

But see her again, as the lightly issues forth, after an hour or so spent quietly resting or reading some delightful story in an easy chair, while the poor little members were cut and clipped, rubbed and oiled and oiled and beheld for her there is a new heaven and a new earth.

Patronized by MEN.

Indeed the elegant parlors for manicure, pedicure, etc., have become a sort of necessary retreat for men as well as women. One proprietor tells me that 25 per cent of his patrons are men, who come not only for the pleasure of having well-kept hands and feet, but for the rest and quiet, and the soothing influence to the nerves that come from being manipulated upon.

In the best parlors, French, Spanish and German mania are in attendance as foreigners from a constant clientele. In one of these establishments I was shown an enormous cushion called the Calve cushion, which was presented as a Christmas gift to the greatest mania donna who had been a client of long standing.

I was also told of a recent visit from the far-famed Yvette Guilbert. She was followed by such a mob of curious women, that for a time no available inch of space was left for any chance customer.

PROFESSIONAL TREATMENT.

Here I found the chiropodist a college graduate who has also taken his degree in surgery. But this by no means the rule. A chiropodist usually learns his profession in the office of another, and is not required to possess any diploma.

Beside pedicure and the general care of the feet, there are also corns, hard and soft, bunions and ingrowing nails that call for special treatment, and for these a limited number of instruments are used; the chiropodist, chisel, round chisel and gouge. Of these, the chisel is most indispensable.

These instruments have to be made of the finest steel, the eye steel, which is the very acme of the instrument maker's material. These chisels must be as sharp as razors, and still must have an edge that will not turn when they come in contact with the horny substance of a hard corn, so that they must be quite thick up to the very point where they are made so sharp.

A corn is simply a callous which grows downward in the shape of an inverted cone, and hampers a chiropodist first removes the callous, exercising the greatest care not to remove any of the natural

hints for the Sleepless.

The woman who suffers from sleeplessness may try various simple remedies with more or less success, unless her insomnia is due to such a damaged condition of the nerves as requires a doctor's care. Warmth is an admirable aid to sleep, and a glass of boiling milk or of hot lemonade or cocoa is an excellent bedtime drink. Stimulants should, of course, be avoided, as they arouse and excite the system, and induce sleeplessness. Even the soothing glass of beer should be avoided by those who do not desire competency and bad complexions. A few crackers may be taken with the lemonade or milk.

For the Corpulent One.

When you are dieting to reduce flesh you must eat stale bread and give up potatoes, rice, beans, corn, peas, milk, cream, all sweets, cocoa—indeed, anything which gives energy to the system. Dry toast, without butter, tea without sugar, milk, sugar, rare meat with no fat, fruit as far as possible, no vegetables at all should form your diet. Take all the exercise you can in the way of walking. Go twice a week to a Russian bath, where possible and invariably go to bed hungry. Anybody brave enough to live up to these laws will certainly lose flesh.

Tulle for Buds.

Are you a bud? Well, then, you should certainly have a tulle gown. Nothing is so well suited to young girls, and it is not by any means so perishable as it looks. Let it be made up over satin and have fitted tulle sleeves, transparent enough to show the arm through.

The Disappointed Blonde.

A fair, frail thing, with hair of rippling gold; With eyes of azure, arteries of ice; A pale suggestion of the faded joy That waits the faithful soul in paradise; Who, when she's shown Niagara, says: "How nice."

With mind as vacant as a city lot That's been for twenty years in chancery; Her hopes are centered in a bank account, A sash and sack, a house, some jewelry; And to preside with grace and poise there.

A creature, who, in hour of direst need, Will turn to rest in others' arms than mine; And yet, while not possessed, to some may seem.

A fairy, something more than half-divine. Fit take a brunette, please, I want no blonde!—Chicago Dispatch.

ILL'S FEET ARE HEIR TO.

Chiropodists work with such skill, however, that the only really very painful operation is that for ingrowing toe nails. The nail on the great toe sometimes grows into the flesh to such an extent that the visible nail is no larger than an ordinary finger nail. The most superficial way of treating this difficulty, and the one most frequently adopted, is forcing the nail up and cutting it off. But this is only remedial. It gives temporary relief, but the nail immediately begins to grow again. The cure, in all cases, is the one most refractory to treatment, and the one most difficult to perform, is the removal of the nail, and the toe is to be treated until the inflammation is entirely removed. Then the nail is forced up and a fold of tin foil rendered antiseptic is placed under the nail. This has to be worn until a thorough cure is effected, a matter of some weeks.

Some cases of ingrowing nails are so severe that the toe has to be amputated, and cases have been known of patients losing their lives through blood poisoning. In all cases, the greatest care has to be taken of the instrument to render them antiseptic. Chiropodists rarely use anesthetics, but cocaine was rarely by them as a long desired angel of mercy.

But the greatest foe to the grace and loveliness of this recently so popularized member of the anatomy is the bunion, the horrible, disfigured, incurable bunion. And women know that the only cause of its existence lies in the kind of shoe worn. Short shoes and extremely pointed toes are bound to work ruin to the best of the Creator's works in this direction. However, the chiropodist says ironically that he has yet to see the woman who wears too small a shoe. They all wear shoes "quite large enough for feet twice the size of theirs." The pointed toe, by having the curve on the inside of the foot force the great toe in exactly the opposite direction from that which nature intended.

The only thing that can be done for a bunion is to relieve the pressure. This is done by means of a piece of sheep skin one-eighth of an inch in thickness, in which a hole has been cut the size of the bunion. This is shaved down to perfectly fit the

foot, and is made to adhere to it by means of a healing sticking plaster. In this way the pressure upon the tender part is entirely relieved. The pad can, of course, be taken off and put on again whenever necessary.

The Trilby cause really materially affected the business of the chiropodist. Since reading Du Maurier's glowing description of the unlimited possibilities of a woman's foot, women are giving it far more attention, and the perfectly groomed woman now resorts to her pedicure as often as to her manicure.

WALKING BAREFOOT.

The chiropodist, however, rarely, very rarely, sees a Trilby foot, though now and then there is one. It is invariably, he says, where people have walked barefoot in their childhood, and the foot has been allowed to develop naturally. It is all nonsense, he affirms, to suppose that going without shoes spreads the foot. A foot is bound to get its growth anyway—unless, of course, kept bandaged like the Chinese foot, which is a different matter, and most shapes are the worst possible thing for the healthy and beautiful development of the member. A foot is a pure wholesome leather for the foot, and leaving them bare feet become much more hardy and thus keep their shape better.

According to the chiropodist, women by no means monopolize the vanities of life. He told me of one man who clipped any man he had ever seen in that regard. A man walked into his office one day, merely to be pedicured. After the chiropodist had worked some time with file and polisher, the man burst forth with: "Well, you have worked longer upon my feet than I have upon anything that you have ever clipped."

"Why, what would you have me say?" was the courteous response.

Well, every other chiropodist has said that I had the most perfect feet they had ever seen, and one of them offered me \$200 for a plaster cast of them. Now, I'm not up for money; I only thought it strange that for \$25, or some such amount, one can purchase a ticket which entitles him to go to the chiropodist whenever necessary. I know of a rich old gentleman who one Christmas gave each of his slaves such a ticket. Among them changed to be an ancient spinster, who, despite her maidenly scruples, felt that she must avail herself of the opportunity to have her feet done up in damask napkins, she sought forth each week.

The Popular Girl.

Does not snub her juniors.

Does not backbite her associates.

Does not indulge in capricious whims.

Does not discourse in a frothy style.

Does not dress to outshine her sisters.

Does not converse in a pedantic vein.

Does not aim to have a world-wide air.

Does not tell either girls or men of her prowess as a "scallap."

Does not try to be the most conspicuous figure in the luncheon party.

Does not make up a fine, feign of frankness as to be rude and tactless.

Does not seek to be witty at the expense of other people's feelings.

Does not dress so badly that she brings the blush of mortified vanity to her sister's cheeks.

Does not hide her light under a bushel and refuse to contribute her share toward the general enlightenment.

Does not ever fail in generosity of word and deed, and falls as seldom as possible in generosity of thought.

Hints for the Sleepless.

The woman who suffers from sleeplessness may try various simple remedies with more or less success, unless her insomnia is due to such a damaged condition of the nerves as requires a doctor's care. Warmth is an admirable aid to sleep, and a glass of boiling milk or of hot lemonade or cocoa is an excellent bedtime drink. Stimulants should, of course, be avoided, as they arouse and excite the system, and induce sleeplessness. Even the soothing glass of beer should be avoided by those who do not desire competency and bad complexions. A few crackers may be taken with the lemonade or milk.

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There's Golfing On the Ice

ON SKATES THEY SWEEP THE FROZEN WATERS.

Ice Golf on the Hudson—Ideal Course Belongs to a Western Heiress.

The most popular new sport of the winter is golf on ice. This is like golfing on land, with a few important differences, but the persons who golf upon the ice are the same ones who golf on land. The popularity of the sport will not allow it to die during the months when the earth is covered with snow, but deep for running across the links on land.

In the neighborhood around New York the most popular place for ice-golfing is the Hudson river when it is frozen stiff as a sheet of ice and is covered with snow, from above the Palisades down to where the river finds the harbor.

The way to play golf on ice is to mount upon skates and chase a ball over a certain course. So far it is like golf on land. The necessary attribute of golf on ice is that one should be a very expert skater, and that one has endurance and strength and can be comfortable in cold weather.

MONTREAL ICE-GOLFERS.

When the Gould family went up to the ice carnival at Montreal just a year ago upon that memorable tour when Count de Castellanos proposed to Anna Gould, one of the prettiest sights they saw was the Montreal ice-golfers. Pretty English girls with warm clothes and red cheeks swung the golf-sticks high in air and made flying descents upon the ball, chasing it as though on wings. A game of golf on ice progresses faster than a game of golf on land, and more space is covered in one link than there is in a whole country golf course.

The girls of the Hudson—those hearty daughters of millions who persist in living along the banks of "The Rhine of America" most of the year—began ice-golfing this winter. Their plan is to lay out links in the form of a course. The course is marked by a trail of fire, and the ball is chased it as though on wings. The girls of the Hudson—those hearty daughters of millions who persist in living along the banks of "The Rhine of America" most of the year—began ice-golfing this winter. Their plan is to lay out links in the form of a course. The course is marked by a trail of fire, and the ball is chased it as though on wings. The girls of the Hudson—those hearty daughters of millions who persist in living along the banks of "The Rhine of America" most of the year—began ice-golfing this winter. Their plan is to lay out links in the form of a course. The course is marked by a trail of fire, and the ball is chased it as though on wings.

The "ice golf" lies upon the bank of the river. You start your ball along the trail, keep it going with as few strokes as possible on account of the score, and finally drive it ashore and into a "tee." The second link lies further on, and the ice in this case is on the opposite shore of the river, maybe a mile across. All skate along to see fair play, and the little caddy keeps close to the player's heels.

On the return course the trail lies down the middle of the river and the ice is a mile of snow with a hole skinned in it for the ball. This is very difficult to "make," as the smoothness of the ice and the smallness of the hole carries the ball on and around instead of in. But it can be done. The etiquette of the

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